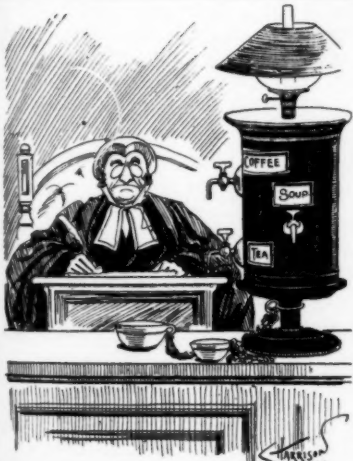


AN ENTHUSIAST.

"FOND OF DANCING, GLADYS?"

"WELL—NO. ANY ONE WHO IS REALLY FOND OF SPORT CAN'T CARE FOR THAT SORT OF THING."

Dramatic Onslaughts.

Friend. Well, how did the piece go?*Author.* Oh! it took the house by storm.*Friend.* And the critics?*Author.* Oh! they took the piece by storm. They blew up the play, bayonnetted performers, and shot the author at daybreak.

"TEA IN COURT.—His Honour Judge STONOR, following the example of Judge ADDISON, took five o'clock tea in Court yesterday afternoon."—*Westminster Gazette*, February 8.]

Suggestion for the Hot Water Lamp-post idea to be adapted for the Judge's Bench. Hot tea, coffee, and soup always ready.

A LAY OF ST. VALENTINE.

(To an Old Tune.)

Long ago in some far country
Dwelt an eminent divine
(When and where are no great matter),
And his name was Valentine.
But the Emperor was active
In the persecuting line,
Didn't like new-fangled notions,
Took the head off Valentine.
Oh, the sadness! Oh, the sadness! Oh, the
madness, Valentine!
For you lost your head for ever—dreadful
sorry, Valentine!

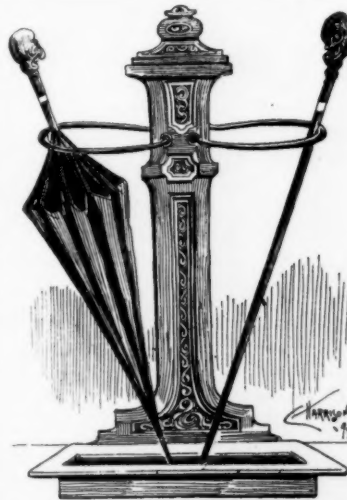
Later on they canonized him,
And did thoughtfully assign,
As a feast, the day he died on
To the good St. Valentine.
'Twas the day birds choose for mating,
And in loving pairs combine;
Followed suit the youths and maidens,
Called each other "Valentine."
Oh, the gladness! Oh, the gladness! Oh,
the gladness, Valentine!
You became a "joy for ever"—very nearly
—Valentine!

Then they sent each other pictures
Laced with fretted borders fine,
Hearts and arrows, gauzy cupids,
Tokens of St. Valentine.
I received and sent some dozens
Annually in days lang syne—
Now I should be quite contented,
Might I send one Valentine!
How irrational is Fashion! Foolish Fashion,
Valentine!

Now your day is done for ever—dreadful
sorry, Valentine!

TA "FUNNY BEAUNE."—Cheap Burgundy.

BRAVO, B.!--Irish antagonists of the proposed University are, according to Leader BANNERMAN's witticism, "suffering from Ulsteria." Mr. Punch quotes Leader B. with acknowledgments. Leader B. quoted Mr. Punch in his first speech without any acknowledgment. But we leave him to Toby.



The Stick. "I think you're looking ever so much better."

The Umbrella. "Oh, yes, I'm completely recovered, thank you!"



Lily S. Illustrated.

"NOT AT HOME"

["Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is so much occupied at the present time with the working of his own office, that he is unable to deal with this matter."]

Letter from Mr. Chamberlain's Secretary, Tuesday, February 7.]

LYRICAL OUTRAGES.

III.—EN-TOUT-CAS.

FEAR no whit the heat o' the sun
Or the furious winter's rages,
Well thy worldly task is done,
Thou art worth a servant's wages:
Golden girls (and others) must
Invoke thy aid in rain and dust.
Fear no whit the hand o' the great,
Or of lesser, humbler folk;
Care not thou if the ash be late,
Or come out before the oak!
The classes and the masses must
All own thy aid in rain and dust.
Fear no whit the beauty "flash"
That the Parasol may own,
Nor about Umbrellas fash,
Thou must ever reign alone:
Old folks and young, all people must
Resort to thee in rain and dust.

DINING OUT.

At the close of an appetising and interesting article *de luxe* in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, some ten days ago, on Dinners and Diners, hymning the praises of the eminent M. JOSEPH, now of the Savoy Hotel and Restaurant, the items and prices of a plain and simple *dîner à deux* were given. There were only five dishes, with champagne, coffee, liqueurs, and the bill amounted to £2 17s.: let us add tips to waiters, &c., and say, nobly, three pounds. Deduct 18s. for champagne, and the dinner for two cost two guineas. Substitute (supposing that you must drink something) claret for champagne at, say, putting it moderately (*"vinum moderatè doctum,"* i.e., "slightly doctored"), eight shillings the bottle; then the dinner, with attendance, would be £2 10s. for two persons. Seven dinners a week for one person would be £8 15s. What an inducement for any one with limited means!

After this, it will not be astonishing to learn that there are many, nay, that there is a majority of genuine epicures who, not having the requisite eight pounds fifteen per week, "know not JOSEPH," and, what is more, don't want to,—at the price. If the invaluable JOSEPHUS can do them equally well at half the sum, then—but that's another story.

Not a few gourmets can mention one *Restauration* or more, not as yet, thank goodness, so widely known by name as the Savoy, where, for half, or even for less than half the price above-mentioned, can be obtained an equally good and quite as *recherché* a dinner. Those who "know" may safely back London against Paris for a thoroughly artistic, and a perfectly reasonable dinner. In fact, as a rule, directly a place is written about and lauded up to the skies, it sustains its reputation for a while, and then, the probability is that it is spoiled by its own success.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME!!

THE following advertisement from the *Church Times* speaks for itself; further comment is unnecessary:—

WANTED, in clergyman's family, a LADY who would PLAY HARMONIUM in church, train the choir, and assist in house and with children's lessons, in return for hospitality and travelling expenses.

"BETTER THE DAY, &c."—According to "information received," the two University Crews "commence strict training on Ash Wednesday." Appropriate day, ecclesiastically. What is their fish diet? Will they take "a good hard roe" twice a day?



Scrumble. "BEEN TO SEE THE OLD MASTERS?"
Stippleton (who has married money). "No. FACT IS"—(sotto voce)—"I'VE GOT QUITE ENOUGH ON MY HANDS WITH THE OLD MISSUS!"

BOUNTIES UP TO DATE.

[*"To stimulate the consumption of sugar, a German Minister proposes to encourage soldiers to eat more of it."*—*Daily Graphic*.]

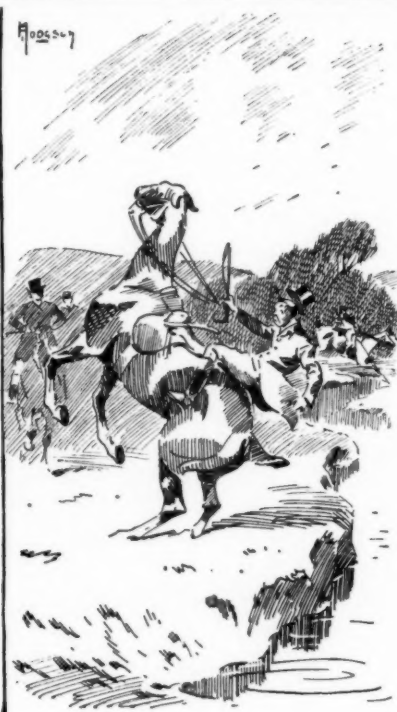
I AM sick of lollipops
And acidulated drops,
And I loathe the taste of anything that's
sweet;
And I'm bothered if I see
By what right they say that we
Must be martyred for the benefit of beet.

But the Ministers declare,
"Taste is neither here nor there,
You are soldiers—not for you to reason why.
You will not object, we trust,
If it happens that you must
For your country and your constitution die."

If they knew the pangs I've felt
In the regions round my belt!
If they'd only heard me toss and writhe and
groan!

And although I give its due
To our noble constitu-
-tion, I must really not forget about my own.
One will go where duty calls,
But to die of brandy-balls!—
Neither brandy nor a ball has any fear
For a soldier. Each apart
Is the glory of his heart,
But the two together floor a grenadier.

HANWELLIAN LEGAL INQUIRIES.—If I order
a ton of coals, does that give me a "right of
weigh"? Is it correct to describe an un-
fortunate marriage as a "misjoinder"?



A BARGAIN.

Little Wife (of frugal mind). 'DO BUY HIM, DEAR, AND I'M QUITE SURE THAT WITH A LITTLE REST HE'LL VERY SOON DO FOR BOTH OF US!' [And she was not far wrong. He precious soon came uncommonly near "doing for" one of 'em!]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN producing a *Life of William Shakspeare* (SMITH, ELDER), MR. SIDNEY LEE took in hand an alluring theme, and has, my Baronite tells me, produced a fascinating book. It is commonly conceded that the personality of SHAKSPEARE, who lived in pre-biographical days, remains the least familiar among great men save HOMER. All that is known, or can be known, is here set forth with consummate skill and admirable lucidity. The amount of erudition displayed, happily unobtrusively, is amazing. Mr. LEE seems to have read everything that has been written or conjectured about SHAKSPEARE. Out of the moving, often vaporous, mass he has evolved a figure of flesh and blood, who worked hard, boldly delved amongst other peoples' stores, illumined this pillage with the light of supreme genius, achieved a most respectable fortune, bought houses and land, and when he died, left his wife his second-best bed, and took care that she should not be buried in the same grave with him. The difficulty, hitherto proving insurmountable, of writing such a book, enhances the credit of its achievement.

With *The Middle Classes* (*Le Petit Bourgeois*), J. M. DENT & CO. have just completed their issue of BALZAC translated and unbowdlerised. As far as the Baron has been able to examine the series, the English adaptation has been very well done, and to those whom Providence has not blessed (or otherwise) with perfect knowledge of the French language, these volumes will prove a valuable acquisition. To the Baron, a little of BALZAC at a time is delightfully refreshing; but a course of him would be tedious.

The Baron, ever delighting in romance and mystery, is glad to recommend, and strongly too, a book by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX, entitled *The Day of Temptation* (F. V. WHITE & Co.). Mr. LE QUEUX possesses the art of at once awaking and then sustaining the reader's Qu-ux-riosity. At the close of every chapter, except the final one, the interested peruser exclaims with the melodramatic receiver of confidences, "Proceed! Sweet Warbler! Your story interests me much!" Do we know Bruciani's Restaurant in Regent Street? Not yet; but if there be a Bruciani's, then WILLIAM LE QU-ONQUEROR should never want for a meal or a bottle of rare Italian wine as long as Bruciani's shall exist. How well, how awfully well must WILLIAM LE Q. (a very sharp-pointed Q.) know this monstrous Metropolis to be able to write as he does, p. 174:—

"The life of a man or woman can always be taken for a sovereign in London, if only one knows where to look for men ready to accomplish such work."

There's a sovereign ready for dispatching an obnoxious person! The Baron trembles. Forty enemies of his at sixpence a piece can procure the services of a quiet assassin, and no questions asked! "JAMES!" cries the Bold Baron to his faithful attendant, "bring me my shirt of chain mail to wear over my merino vest, see that my umbrella-handle-revolver is loaded, give me my electric-current gloves, also my sword-stick, and I will go out for an hour's exercise, through Piccadilly, Regent Street, Waterloo Place, the Strand, the Embankment, and back again! But first—to Scotland Yard! or to call on Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX!"

The Baron can, and hereby does, strongly recommend *The Paths of the Prudent*, by J. S. FLETCHER (METHUEN). It is an excellently well-told story of a very pretty and attractive orphan girl, discreetly educated by a worldly-wise elderly lady. *Dorintha's* "face is her fortune, Sir, she said," and she searches for the very best investment of her capital. Her most amorous impulses are kept in check by the calmest calculation. She has a warm heart, but a remarkably cool head, and her virtue earns its reward, for there is, as it were, an uncommonly knowing little cherub sitting up aloft to keep watch and ward over the *liaisons* of the prudent, but far from prudish, maiden. The simple style in which the story is narrated, and the characters and their doings described, is genuinely humorous, while the reader's interest in the prudent pilgrim's progress is perfectly sustained to the very end; and an uncommonly natural finish it is, too.

The Baron's assistant has read *A Haunted Town* by ETHEL F. HEDDLE (WELLS GARDNER, DARTON AND Co.), and warmly recommends it to those who, being satiated with bloodshed and rapine and hairbreadth 'scapes by flood and field, may desire to compose their nerves by reading a direct and simple story charmingly told. Miss HEDDLE has a flowing and graceful style, and (which is of greater value in the eyes of the jaded novel-reader) she has humour and pathos. *Aunt Petronella*, the unwearied enthusiast in the cause of *Mary, Queen of Scots*, is one of the most delightful and touching creations the Assistant has met with for a long time in fiction. Miss HEDDLE, it should be added, uses the Scotch dialect with a discretion that not even the most determined Southron could possibly object to.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

PRISON FARE.

["Whilst the well-to-do take to prison fare quite easily, the only persons who complain are footmen and ladies' maids."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

In course it stands to reason, which I think it's plain enough, We ain't a-goin' to condescend to skilly and plum-duff Plum-duff indeed! and skilly! and to gentlefolks as be Concoosers of their vittles, like MARIAR ANN and me!

As if a gentleman wot 's passed 'is life in Grosvenor Square And 'ad a chef from Parry, 'd look at sich a bill of fare! As if MARIAR ANN, a lady wot 'as never 'eard Of dining off cold meat, could stummick stuff like that!—absurd!

The parsons and the doctors, and the littry fellers too, All takes to it quite nat'ral? Which I dessay that they do, And glad enough to get it. It's a change from wot they eat In purloos sich as Paddington, and slums like 'Arley Street.

But there! that ain't no reason, not so fur as I can see, Why they should try their skilly on MARIAR ANN and me. I ain't yet learnt as 'Paddington' 'as moved into Mayfair, Nor 'ave I 'eard as 'Arley Street leads outer Grosvenor Square.

No, no! I 'as my pride; I can't abide the scorn I feel For them as will beyave theirselves so shocking ungenteel. But we 'll turn up our noses at the ojus stuff, for we Ain't nothink if we ain't refined, MARIAR ANN and me.

L'ARMÉE ET LES JUGES EN ANGLETERRE.

LA SENTINELLE ET LE "LORD CHEF JUDGE."

COMBAT SANGUINAIRE. ÉMEUTE À LONDRES.

GRÈVE DES COCHERS.

[If our very esteemed contemporary, *L'Intransigeant*, did not publish the following last week, it ought to have done so. The only possible explanation is to be found in the absence of M. HENRI TROPFORT.]

On nous mande de Londres qu'un évènement, absolument inouï chez ce peuple calme et flegmatique, a eu lieu lundi dernier. La perfide Albion, amie des Dreyfusards et de tous les traîtres, aura enfin son Affaire.

Le "Lord Chef Judge," président de la Cour de Cassation en Angleterre, a voulu passer par la porte du Hidpare dans la Rue Witall. Il paraît que l'entrée est interdite aux juges. Le "Lord Chef Judge" conduisait son mail. Un brave soldat—même en Angleterre les soldats sont braves—essaya de s'opposer à l'ignoble attentat du juge. Même en Angleterre les juges sont—[*Here we omit seven lines of vituperation*]. Le brave soldat saisit les quatre chevaux, et le mail s'arrêta. Le juge, furibond, s'écria "A bas l'armée!" et se jeta par terre. Le brave soldat l'attendit tranquillement. Alors une lutte terrible s'engagea. Le juge, homme d'une force énorme, saisit la tête du brave militaire, et, la serrant sous le bras gauche, la frappa violemment de la main droite. C'est ce qu'on appelle "to be in Chancery," système de boxe des juges anglais. La sentinelle, poussant des cris de "Vive l'armée! Au secours!" parvint enfin à se dégager de l'entreinte judiciaire, en pinçant les mollets du juge. Mais ce dernier, d'un coup de poing, lança le brave soldat dans la Tamise, et, hurlant à pleins poumons "A bas l'armée!" grimpa sur le siège du mail, fouetta ses chevaux, et entra au galop dans le Hidpare.

C'est pour éviter de pareilles infamies en France que nous nous opposons aux Dreyfusards, aux Juifs, aux juges. Il faut les pendre, les massacrer, les écorcher, les brûler. Ah, misérable canaille! [*Here we omit nineteen lines of vituperation*.]

La perfide Albion, qui se moque sans cesse de nos efforts patriotiques, nous révèle enfin l'arrogance sans bornes de sa magistrature audacieuse. Quel spectacle! Le "Lord Chef Judge," élégant "smart" de la haute noblesse, conduisant son mail du dernier chic, arrêté par le simple soldat, luttant jusqu'au dernier moment contre l'insolence judiciaire, presque noyé d'abord dans la Tamise, et jeté ensuite dans le plus lugubre cachot de la Tour de Londres! Nous recevrons avec grand plaisir les souscriptions de nos lecteurs pour lui envoyer *L'Intransigeant* tous les jours. Il supportera mieux sa vie de martyr en lisant—pourvu qu'il ait appris le français, bien entendu—les dernières nouvelles de la lutte en France entre les juges et l'armée. Vive l'armée! Et nos abonnés en Angleterre ne sont pas nombreux.

Mais ce n'est pas encore fini à Londres. On parle d'émeutes dans plusieurs quartiers de la ville. Une grève des cochers éclata le soir. On dit que les partisans de l'ancienne famille royale de STUART ont arboré leur drapeau sur la statue de CHARLES I^{er}. Est-ce qu'on peut trouver un QUESNAY DE BRAUREPAIRE à Londres? Nous allons voir.

En attendant, à bas les Dreyfusards, à bas les Juifs, à bas les juges! [*Here we omit twenty-six lines of vituperation*.]

HENRI TROPFORT.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

Little Boy. "Oh, Miss PRIM, I AM SO GLAD YOU 'RE BACK AGAIN!"
Governess (much pleased). "THAT'S RIGHT, DEAR. I'M GLAD YOU 'RE GETTING MORE FOND OF YOUR LESSONS!"
Little Boy. "OH, IT ISN'T THAT. I WAS JUST THINKING HOW MUCH I SHALL ENJOY MY HALF-HOLIDAYS!"

THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE;

Or, "Don't cry till you're out of the Willow-wood."

(A Sonnet Sequence after—some distance after—Rossetti.)

I SAT with JONES* beside a fireless hearth
Writing unacted dramas, I and he,
We sought for jest and quip and repartee,
And burned more candle than the game was worth.
Dull dogs we were that had but little mirth,
And when "our mirrored eyes met silently,"
I frowned at JONES and JONES frowned back at me;
So we two sat and plied our quills in wrath.

Then as it seemed a sudden rapture seized
On JONES, and, his resentment half appeased,
He penned and flung to me a sportive note.
Then (like ROSSETTI) with a playful groan
He cried, "For once, for once, for once alone"
A Poet I!—and this was what he wrote:—

"Oh ye, all ye who write in Drama-land,
Who work with hollow faces burning white,
Better, with LANDOR, go to Lama-land,
Better to farthest China wing your flight,
Assyria's wastes or that still warmer land
(From which your chances of return are slight)
Where Satan reads the works of SARAH GRAND,
If your dramatic works ne'er see the light!

"Alas! the Bitter Banks of Drama-land,
The empty tills, the overdrawn account,
The Attic salt of Fleet Street and the Strand,
The attic stairs up which you daily mount!
Better a broom, a crossing, ANYTHING,
Than Drama-land should hold you wandering!

* Not HENRY AUTHOR JONES. There are others.



Chatty Tourist. "BEAUTIFUL SPECIMEN OF A ROMAN CAMP, THIS, ISN'T IT?"

Grim Stranger. "No, Sir, No! I decline to admit there can be ANY TRUE BEAUTY ABOUT ANYTHING ROMAN!"

AU MIDI.

(Being an authoritative reply to "Morte d'Harcourt.")

How frankly on the open face
These airs caress me, warm and free!
With what a coy, coquettish grace
Woos me the tideless inland sea!
I sit and call "*Encore un bock!*"
I lap this beverage by the *litre*;
I long to leap from yonder rock
Into the cool *réserve aux huitres*.
I view the firmamental vault
Unstilled by a single cloud;
It is of such a rich cobalt
That I could nearly laugh aloud!
Before me in a steady stream
Go youth and beauty, flushed and fain;
And I, I banish care and seem
To be a bounding boy again.
Once more I move in guileless mirth,
Light-hearted, curly, eager-faced;
Once more a not unpleasing girth
Distinguishes my supple waist.
My step is light, my chin is one,
My way is flanked with vernal flowers;
My eye reflects the flashing sun,
I freely pluck the ample hours.
Too crude to shape a nation's creed
Wielding at large my layman's pen,

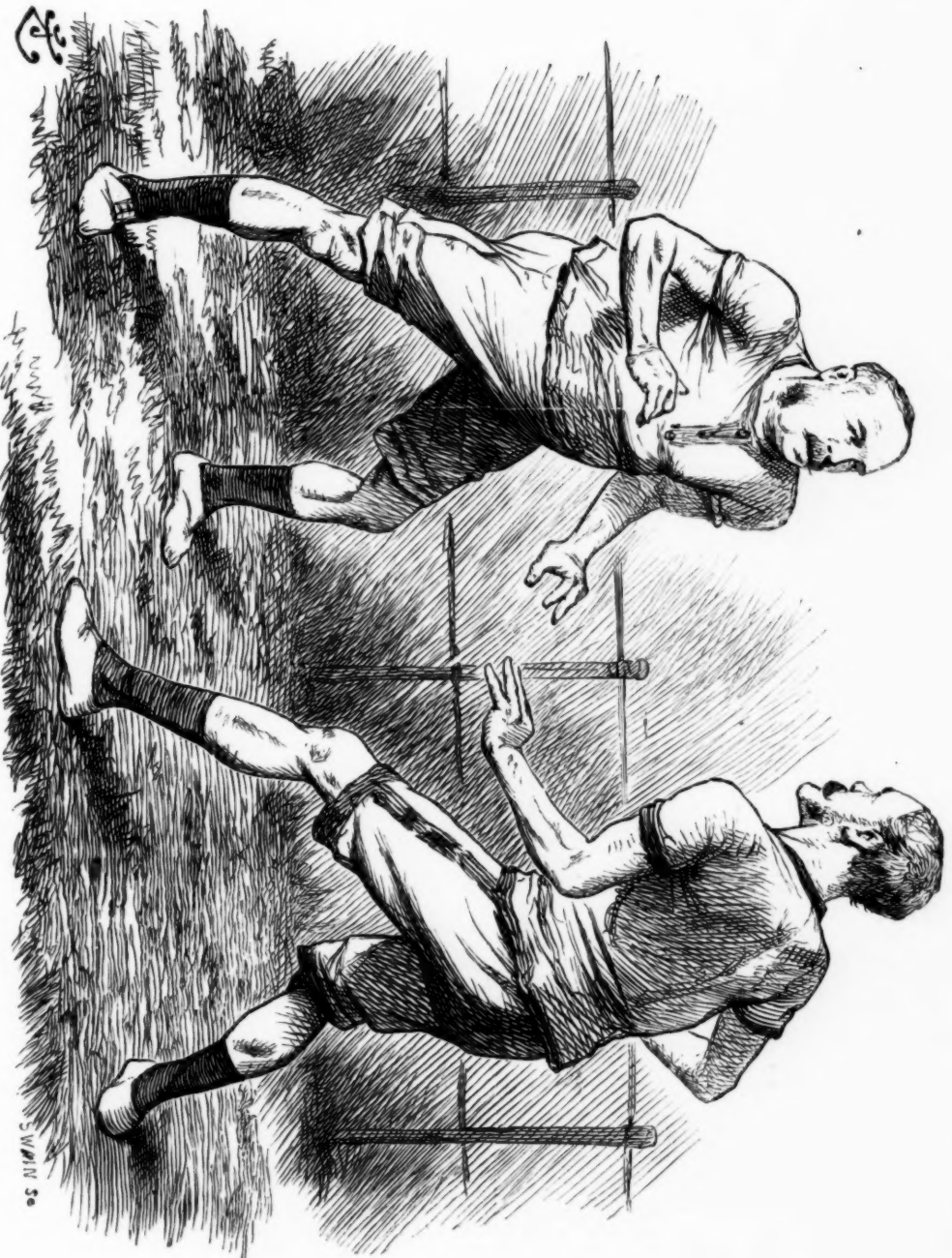
Too young as yet to grasp the lead
And mould the destinies of men—
I take the pendent fringe of Time,
I suck the sweets that Nature sends,
Before I yield my manhood's prime,
For purely altruistic ends.
These are the memories hold me now
Under a heaven azure-fair,
Whose balm (I mentioned) fans my brow
And leaves me strangely *débonnaire*.
I take my journal up for joy;
I read with measureless content
Of such as find a fond employ
In talking to a Parliament.
I think I see them sitting tight,
Without my wit to work the strings,
Discussing, weary night by night,
The Royal Speech and other things.
And there against the same old foe,
Who is it heads the same old van?
Dimly his name I seem to know—
A certain CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.
"*Mon Dieu!*" I cry, "and can it be
That pride of playing such a rôle
Had ever any charms for me,
Or power to bind my soaring soul?"
"*Morte d'Harcourt*," is it? Be it so!
Dead to the hum of yonder hive!
But otherwise I rather trow
That I was never more alive!

I have my senses all at play;
Keen rapture courses round my skin,
Here where I sit and, so to say,
Just drink the Mediterranean in.

"*Ces malheureux qui se battent là-bas!*"
Knowing the language, I exclaim;
And turn to muse on *Mardi Gras*
And merry routs of *mi-carême*.

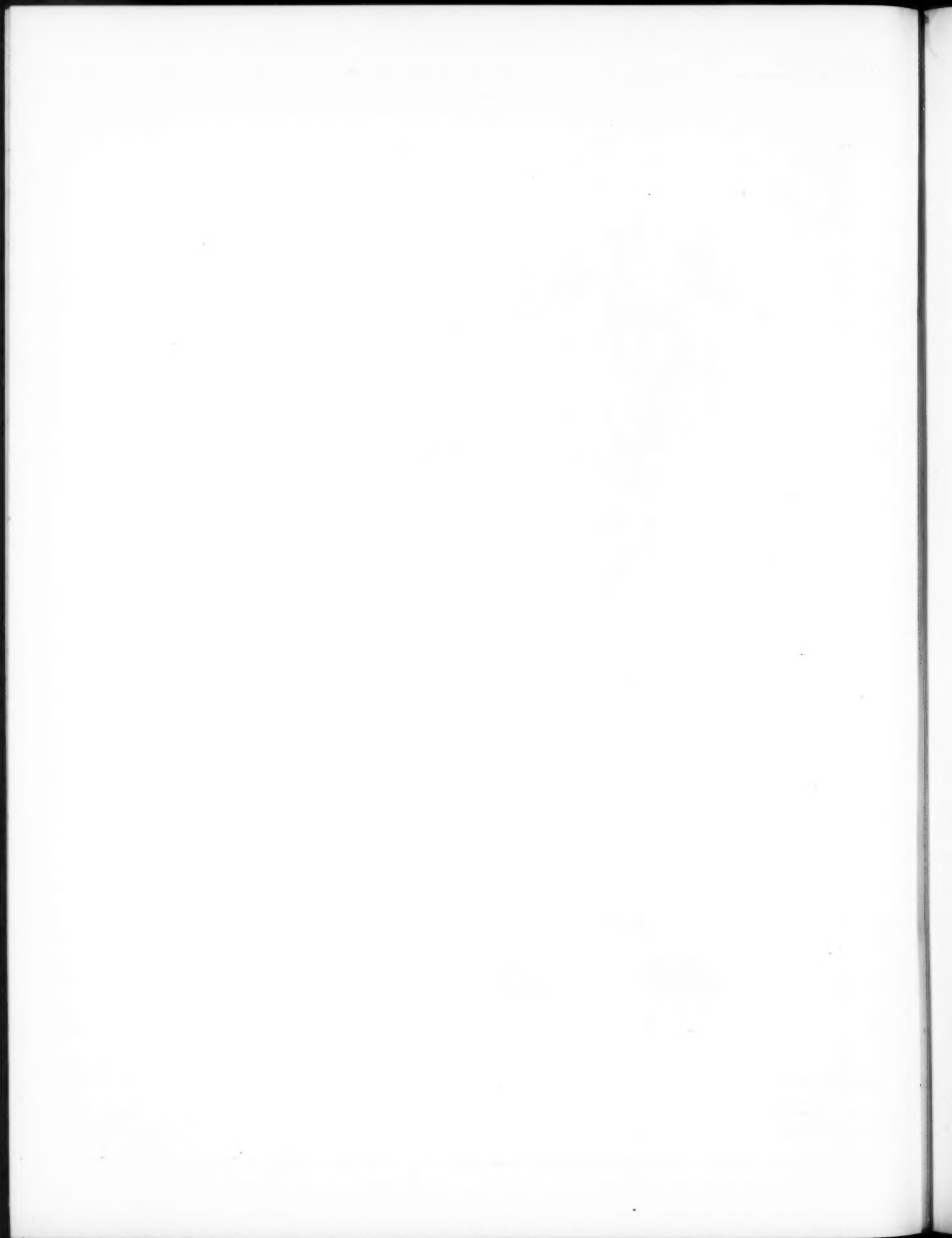
A NEW TERROR.

As an addition to the terrible submarine torpedo-boat which is to work such havoc with the English Fleet, it is suggested that our French neighbours should form a submarine corps, in diving dresses, to operate against us from the bed of the sea. They would be armed with gimlets, corkscrews, and other deadly weapons with which to make holes in our ships. They could also throw stones at anybody leaning over the side. Already the whole of the "floor" of the English Channel has been taken for a parade-ground, and for future aggressive operations. It will be damp, but not altogether unhealthy (unless the air pipes suddenly fail: then it will—for the divers). Up to the present, strangely enough, few have volunteered, either from the Reserve or elsewhere. In fact, the only Reserve noticeable is that which suddenly comes over every man who is invited to join.



AFTER THE FIRST GRIP.

ARTHUR BILLY (to himself, as he confronts CAMPBELL-BARNES). "I ALWAYS SAID I WANTED A STRONG 'UN, AND, BY JOVE, I BATHER THINK I'VE FOUND HIM!"





Vicar's Daughter. "OH, WITHERS, YOUR MISTRESS TELLS ME YOU ARE SAVING UP TO TAKE A LITTLE SHOP AND LOOK AFTER YOUR MOTHER. I THINK IT IS SUCH A SWEET IDEA!"

Withers. "WELL, YES, MISS, I DID THINK OF IT; BUT NOW I'VE GOT THE MONEY I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, AND I'M GOING TO BUY MYSELF ONE OF THESE 'ERE BICYCLES INSTEAD!"

LORD GR-MTH-RPE'S COMMENTARIES.

NO. IV.—LORD G. ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

SIR,—It was or would have been that is I myself should have supposed so but then of course I and these who think like I do are getting old-fashioned quite enough for me to defend myself against one opponent at a time (they seem to imagine they can do it or tackle me just as if I was or ever am, that I will not be must be reasonably obvious, in the position of an Archdeacon or Rural Dean when they summon parishioners *de scandenda aut comburenda ecclesia* though personally I don't care a twopenny brass farthing which it is they put me to) but now after I have smashed Mr. HARRISON and got rid of him completely (I wonder what he thinks now of his silly quotation from POLYCARP, all I can say is if he consults the *Editio Princeps Polycarpi* which I brought out ten years back he will find nothing of the kind but something quite different and just the reverse on another subject which is exactly what he ought and I did say before I or he started writing this rubbish) up comes Mr. HARRISON or wants to as if nothing had happened though I am delighted you didn't admit his last letter which appeared in your columns, I know he sent it because he denies he ever wrote any more after writing his last which neither I nor any man of sense would have dreamt of noticing much less of reading in any way whatsoever so I should have thought which is a cheap thing to do in these days when cooks and carpenters are brought up to do the work of bishops that we or any of us or such only as the matter pertains to have now seen the last of Mr. HARRISON or those sympathisers few I trust who are made after the fashion of his kidney which I must say seems an absurd thing for them to say it in when they mean merely that they are like him.

It was only close on thirty years ago or somewhere about that time which is near enough though it might have been forty years I'm sure it wasn't more or even twenty that the late Dean BURGON whom I remember speaking to when he was first asked about it told me that spaniels ought never to be encouraged to stay indoors in rainy weather by being beaten, which no spaniel ever enjoyed more than most other spaniels that I have met but the then Bishop of London Dr. TEMPLE, which comes to the same thing made a very remarkable speech on temperance or something I never can remember and don't want why should I all the things

they commit themselves to in which he said they were always better for it and so were women and walnut-trees but I never tried it on a walnut-tree though I daresay Mr. HARRISON might or on a woman which I do not charge him with as yet.

But of course he now sees those are not the kind or sort or character of beatings I referred to when he taxed me as if he was an assessor with meaning it though my words were plain enough to anybody but the meanest intelligence. And of course if there is to be any more beating about the bush it wasn't me who will be or can or ever was (I don't say he isn't, desiring to keep strictly to facts) in fault and if he wants more I have it in pickle for him and shall strip him of it when the time comes.

Yours obediently,

GR-MTH-RPE.

MR. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR, AND HIS CANINE CLIENT.

To the Editor of "Punch."

As the recognised organ of the legal profession, I beg to ask your advice, or the advice of some of your forensic readers. I am in a position of some difficulty. I am proprietor, or part proprietor, of a small and exceptionally intelligent dog, that I will call, for the purpose of future identification, my Canine Client. The real name of my Canine Client is SPOT, and I only claim part proprietorship as I have the questionable advantage of being responsible for the payment of the licence and any damage which may be occasioned by his want of thought or natural vivacity of spirits. So far, that vivacity has only led to the mutilation of two pairs of dress-shoes, three drawing-room rugs, a kitchen-duster, the shinier portion of my brief-bag, and the total extinction of his own licence. His society is claimed by my two sons, who attempt to secure it by the old-fashioned legal custom of trial by battle. On these occasions SPOT usually joins in the fray, lending his services to the litigant who seems for the moment to be having the better of the argument.

On a recent occasion my Canine Client, having apparently concealed successfully his collar, muzzle, and tail-rosette, stealthily left our joint home in Fashoda Gardens (where I have recently leased a private residence), and sought shelter in a neighbour's mansion. Here he was discovered seemingly arranging a menu which no doubt would have contained a *salmi* of "upper leathers." The alarm was immediately given, the police were sent for, and my luckless Canine Client was transferred to the reluctant guardianship of a constable. I have been told that he was conducted to a cell in the nearest station, and after some negotiation, in which the tendering and acceptance of a shilling figured, was brought back to my non-professional abiding-place. During his absence from our home in common I have been informed he was chained up in an unsheltered yard, bearing indignantly the brunt of the most inclement weather. Since then he has lost his spirits, and even when left in solitude with a pair of patent-leather shoes and an embroidered antimacassar refuses to eat them. As a sequel to his adventure in my neighbour's house, I was served with a summons to show cause why I should not be fined for allowing a dog of mine to be at large unmuzzled, to the danger of the health and comfort of the Metropolitan public. I need scarcely say that, with a view to clearing the reputation of my Canine Client and protecting his good name and fame, I spent hours, nay, days, in hunting up precedents and polishing my eloquence, rather rusty in the prevailing dearth of forensic practice. Brought face to face with a magistrate, I was able to convince his Worship that the house from which my Canine Client had been abducted was not a public place, and left the Court triumphant in the knowledge that the case was dismissed and that SPOT still retained a blameless character.

Now, Sir, I would ask you, and those who are as learned in the law as yourself, what remedy have I against the police authorities? Have I a ground of action for false imprisonment, unlawful possession, or incitement to causing a breach of the peace? SPOT no longer shows his sporting and martial proclivities by chivying the cat and defending the letter-box from invasion from the postman's unsuspicious fingers. As a compensating advantage the door-mat is in perfect condition and my slippers are at rest.

(Signed)

A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump Handle Court, February 11.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have had reassuring news relative to the health of my Canine Client. I have just been told that SPOT has made an excellent meal off the leather facings to my pet book-case and a couple of cloth-bound volumes of the *Granta*. From this I take it that he is convalescent, and can scarcely sustain a claim for damages.

ADAPTED TO THE OCCASION.—Patient distracted with teeth-ache addresses dentist in words of popular song, "Oh, let 'em all come—out!"



Clerk. "LADY BEEN HERE THIS MORNING, SIR, COMPLAINING ABOUT SOME GOODS WE SENT HER."
Employer. "WHO WAS SHE?"

Clerk. "I QUITE FORGOT TO ASK HER NAME, SIR, BUT SHE'S A LITTLE WOMAN—WITH A FULL-SIZED TONGUE!"

LAMENT.

(By a Versifier of Valentines.)

VALENTINES are very nearly
Out of fashion, out of date,
'Tis a matter which has clearly
Been before me just of late.
I regret the fact sincerely
For the reasons I will state.
Let me own I am a stringer
Of inconsequential rhymes,
Nothing more, an idle ringer
Of a peal of careless chimes;
Or, in plainer words, a singer
Of the topics of the times.

Once I reaped a harvest golden
From the efforts of my brain,
For my verses would embolden
Youthful belle and bashful swain.
Gone alas! those days of olden,
Never to return again.

The Worth of a Wife.

Enthusiastic Benedict. Why is my wife
worth at least half a sovereign?
Bachelor Friend (bored). Can't say.
Enthusiastic Benedict. Because a good
woman is a crown to her husband, and my
wife is equal to two good women.

TO A FRAUD OF LONG-STANDING.

By A DISAPPOINTED (OUTDOOR) SKATER.

[Feb. 10, 1899: Thermometer record, 67°.]

JACK FROST, you act up to your name,
You're a "frost," without doubt, and a
Each winter you treat us the same, [fizzle;
And your rime merely turns into drizzle!

Mud and drizzle, then drizzle and mud,
Ruin temper as well as shoe-leather;
As skater, I'm nipped in the bud, [weather.
But not nipped with good old-fashioned

Now and then there's a promise of ice—
Like pie-crust, 'tis speedily broken;
And Spring will be here in a trice,
With the cuckoo, her usual token.

Some, no doubt, may prefer to gyrate
Round and round on a glacial circus;
But indoors like a squirrel to skate
Is one of the joys that soon irk us.

So "counter" and "rocker," farewell!
As says Hamlet, the times are disjointed,
And I roundly protest at the sell,
Once more by King Frost disappointed!

However, what need to despair,
In waiting for such a late-comer?
Let's hang up our acmes with care—
We may want them may be in mid-summer!

RATHER AT SEA.

SIR.—Seeing paragraphs headed "The Rule of the Road at Sea," I write to ask. Why should the "Rule of the Road" be "at sea"? Nothing is more simple: Keep always on the left; pass a vehicle, which is going in same direction as yourself, on the right. Where's the difficulty? Is there any mistake in the spelling? Ought it to be "The Rule of the Rowed at Sea?" But, in that case, the passive "rowed" might be the steerer. Evidently some error somewhere; but, of course, not on the part of
Yours,
ROWEDEASIER.

A NEW BIRD.

["A Professor of the Chicago College of Surgeons has been suspended for insulting the female sex in his pathological lectures. He said that woman is a two-legged dyspeptic owl, and that the female form divine is the climax of Nature's irony."—Daily Paper.]

WHO IS SILVIA? What is she,
That swains do not commend her?
In Chicago banned is she,
Professors turn and rend her,
That she may insulted be.

No more kind and fair is she
(I state it in all kindness);
She is "Nature's irony"—

A fact which, in our blindness,
Hitherto we've failed to see.

Let us then on SILVIA scowl,
Since she has lost her glory;
Since she is not fair but foul,

And—*lest* Professors—
A poor "two-legged dyspeptic owl"!

A Dramatic Scene.

AN eminent comedian had attended the reading of a new piece. Afterwards, on his part being handed to him, he returned it, "declined with thanks."

"But," protested the Manager, "it is a first-rate part; the principal one, in fact."

"Think so?" replied the Eminent. "I don't. I was at the reading, you see. I always observe the maxim, '*Audi alteram partem*'—and in this instance there's no doubt about '*alteram partem*' being the best."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

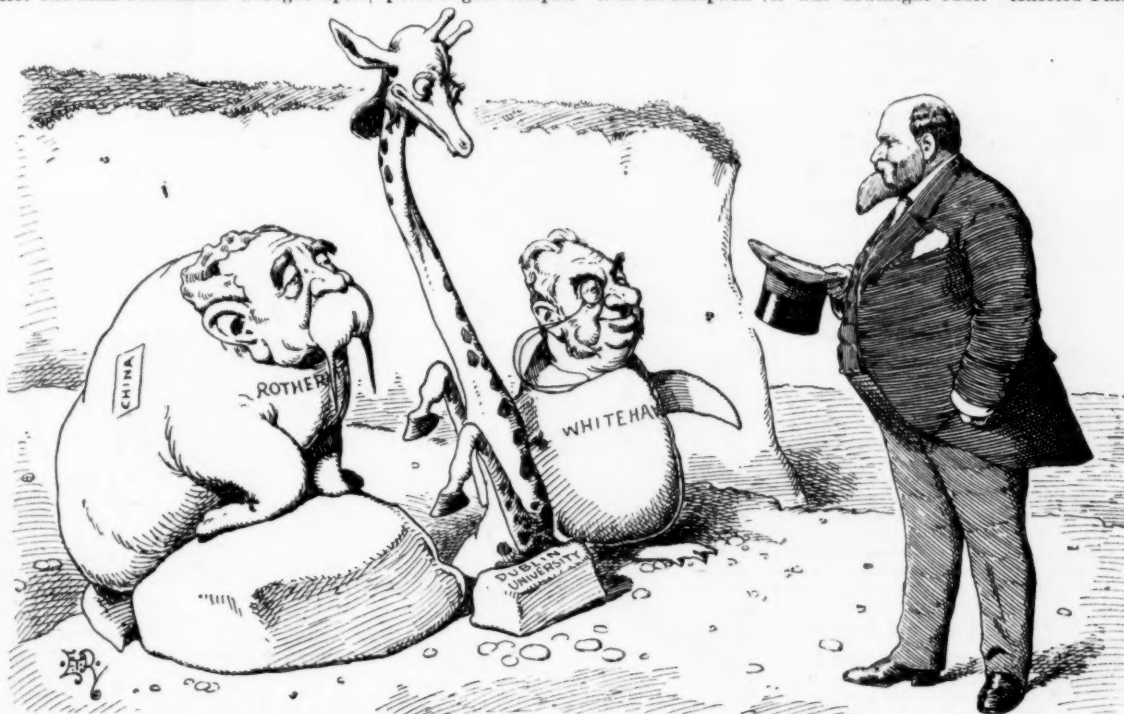
EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 7.

—Curious to note marked, unexpected effect CAWMELL-BANNERMAN wrought upon

with its underglow of humour, is contagious. As SARK says, he's like a fire in a room on a February day. In such circumstances natural to anticipate, on this the opening night of the new Session, a prevalent atmosphere of good temper. With an exception—

This disappointing; not the sort of thing looked for from a man of CAWMELL-BANNERMAN's morning manner. If it had been the SQUIRE of MALWOOD it was what you might expect. From present company it was downright rude. Affected PRINCE



THE HON. W-LT-R R-THSCH-LD FINDS MANY INTERESTING SPECIMENS FOR HIS COLLECTION AT TRING.

the sensitive framework of PRINCE ARTHUR. If there is any man who in general appearance and manner is calculated to place an individual or a company at its ease, it is the new Leader of the Opposition. His geniality,

ally genial man as Leader of the Opposition, a perfectly urbane one leading the House, the Millennium must surely be within the four-mile radius.

All right to start with. The new Leader of the Opposition, personally a favourite on both sides, loudly cheered by his friends, beamed upon by his adversaries. CAWMELL ca'd canny at the opening of his speech. Made believe to be in even more parlous position than the glistening warriors who, after pathetic appeal for clemency, moved and seconded the Address. If they might with reason throw themselves on the charity of the House, how much more the novice who now trembled in the roomy shoes of the errant SQUIRE OF MALWOOD?

PRINCE ARTHUR nodded re-assuringly across the table. JOKIM, sitting next to him, benevolently smiled. "Nonsense, dear boy," he seemed to say, "you're doing pretty well, and will be all right if you keep your pecker up. Don't be afraid of Us."

Soon the scene changed. First with surprise, then with consternation, finally in blazing anger, PRINCE ARTHUR and his companions found that the benevolent-visaged gentleman standing at the table opposite was pitching into their policy, was saying unflattering things about Fashoda, was critical about Crete, was wanting to know about the Far East, was not quite certain about the Soudan, and, nastiest cut of all, was dragging into light an old election pamphlet dating back to time when DON JOSÉ had written up "Old Age Pensions" on the Party wall and concealed intention of running away.

ARTHUR so acutely that he, usually at his best when in a tight place, halted and stumbled, pausing for the right word, losing his way through a thicket of wrong ones. Will doubtless get over it by and bye. It's the surprise that shocks. As R. G. WEBSTER (author of *Shoulder to Shoulder, The Law Relating to Canals, &c.*) says, "It shows how much sharper than a camel's tooth it is to



"Following the rustle of a skirt."
Mr. S-M-L SM-TH.



THE CORUSCATING BIRRELL
When properly wound up, it affords infinite delight and amusement to young and old.

take to your bosom the head of a benevolent-looking gentleman, and find you are nourishing the quills on the prickly porcupine."

Business done.—The new Leader of Opposition introduces himself.

Thursday.—Both Houses pegging away at question of Ritualism in the Church of England. The Bishops take the floor in the Lords; SAM SMITH holds it in the Commons. He began yesterday afternoon; piped away in plaintive tone for nearly an hour. End of that time his voice and further opportunity simultaneously failing, debate adjourned. Here again this afternoon with subtle air of lamentation in the droop of his whiskers, soundless sorrow in the soberness of his attire.

Once he was startled by a titter amongst the congregation. Was describing the ritualistic practices in a particular Protestant Church. "Going in one morning," he said, a note of almost wailing anguish souging through the silent House, "it was so dark that I could find my way to my place only by following the rustle of a woman's dress."

Et tu SAMUEL!

Business done.—Anti-Ritualist Amendment negatived by 221 votes against 89.

Friday Night.—Members still talking about CAWMELL-BANNERMAN's maiden speech. Its success admitted on both sides. One of the flashes of humour that elicited the most boisterous laughter and applause was suggestion about CHARLIE BERESFORD going out to China in capacity of a commercial traveller. PRINCE ARTHUR capped the joke with avidity. "I saw it stated in some papers," said Leader of Opposition, "that the Member for York had gone out to enquire into the ordinary conditions of trade. Well, he is not one's ordinary ideal of a commercial traveller."

"Much as it may surprise the right hon. gentleman," PRINCE ARTHUR rejoined, "the noble lord is exactly what he thought it impossible he could be—namely, a commercial traveller."

Whereat, the newspaper reports truly say, there was "great laughter." That is natural enough, for the little jest had its birth in these humble pages. In *Punch* of the 20th of August last, our Mr. LINLEY SAMBOURNE ("commonly called," as they say in the Law Reports, Lord STAFFORD TERRACE) had a full-page picture of "Our Mr. BERESFORD Commercial Travelling in China." Thus seed scattered by the wayside is not always lost. *Business done.*—Still harping on the Address.

"MY LOST CABBY-CRAWLER."

(Ballad dedicated to the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police.)

How I miss my cabby-crawler,
With his playful little jest.
The persistent over-hauler
Of the path I deemed the best
The invariable blocker
Of the crossing that I sought
The light and merry mocker
When my 'bus I hadn't caught!

How I miss his reckless dashing
When he spurted with his "blood"!
And his mitrailleuse of splashing
When he cantered through the mud!
And his reckless evolution
To cut in from left to right,
And his constant resolution
To cause women-folk affright!

How I miss my cabby-crawler
With that long and baneful thong
That he'd flick at some rash bawler,
Who would flout him from the throng.



A VALENTINE'S DAY PUZZLE.

Miss Prude (who has been looking through Miss Flirt's "Album"). "MY DEAR! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU BEEN ENGAGED?" *Miss Flirt.* "OH, ASK ME SOMETHING EASY!"

Yes! I miss him now he's vanished,
But I give my heartfelt thanks
To the Force, which had him banished,
And reduced him to the ranks!

THERE IS NO FOUNDATION IN THE REPORT

THAT the Lord Chief Justice charged the sentries at the Horse Guards.

Or that the Lord Chancellor diverted the route-marching of the Grenadiers on their way to mounting the colours at St. James's Palace.

Or that the Master of the Rolls ordered the Channel Squadron to get out of the way of the mail packet in which his Lordship was travelling from Calais to Dover.

Or that the Recorder of London kept all the Volunteer bands to barracks when the Right Hon. Gentleman partook of luncheon at the Old Bailey.

Or that Mr. Justice BARNES, of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, drove

over the Marlborough House sentries on his way to the corner of the Strand and Fleet Street.

Or that the Benchers of the Inns of Court insist upon compliments being paid them by the Guard being turned out whenever possible.

Or that Mr. A. BRIEFLESS, Junior, on behalf of the entire forensic profession, claims to be Lord High Admiral of the Fleet and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

On the Fourteenth of February.

SIR.—"For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot!"—so is the Valentine. With the exception of a few cheap and ugly ones, it is practically as extinct as the Dodo. The Christmas Card has completely annihilated the Valentine. I prefer the Valentine. A *bas* the Christmas Card! Then let the Valentine turn up again, if it can.

Yours, A. F. OGEY.